

YOUNG GIRLS CAUGHT UP IN A WORLD OF

\$1.50

# LOVE



ADULTS ONLY



# HELL OUTDOORS!



# BLOOD



# BIZARRE PARTY!

# KICKS



A BLOOD SPATTERED STUDY IN THE **MACABRE**



# HALLUCINATION

## GENERATION



**THE DARING BREED OF TODAY IS FRANTIC ... FRANTIC FOR ANSWERS, WHY ARE SOME CALLED UP, OTHERS SKIPPED OVER?! SOME IN COLLEGES BUYING GRADES. IT IS WORTH LOWERING THEIR MORAL STANDARDS TO BE WITH THE "GROUP" IS NON-CONFORMITY REALLY CLASSIC CONFORMITY. BEARDS OR CREW CUTS FRANTIC FOR FAST CARS FRANTIC FOR MATERIAL THINGS THEY CAN'T AFFORD FRANTIC FOR SOCIAL STANDING FRANTIC FOR KICKS MOTORCYCLES, SPORTSCARS, SURF-BOARDS AND BRONZED MAIDENS!!**

**VOL. TWO NO. 4**

**This is The Story of a  
Psychedelic Circus... Beatniks... Sickniks  
and Their Wild Experiences!**



Published quarterly by Seven Seventy Publishers. P. O. Box No. 1081 Magnolia Park Station, Burbank, Calif. Please address all correspondence to Seven Seventy, NOT title of magazine. Not responsible for manuscripts sent on approval. Any names appearing in fiction are not intended to represent persons living or deceased.



# GUEST BAN



BRING THEM HOME ALIVE!

Stop The War Now!  
FRI JUNE 23-CENTURY PLAZA HOTEL



EVERY PAGE IS WONDERFUL . .





# YOUTH CAUGHT IN TURMOIL

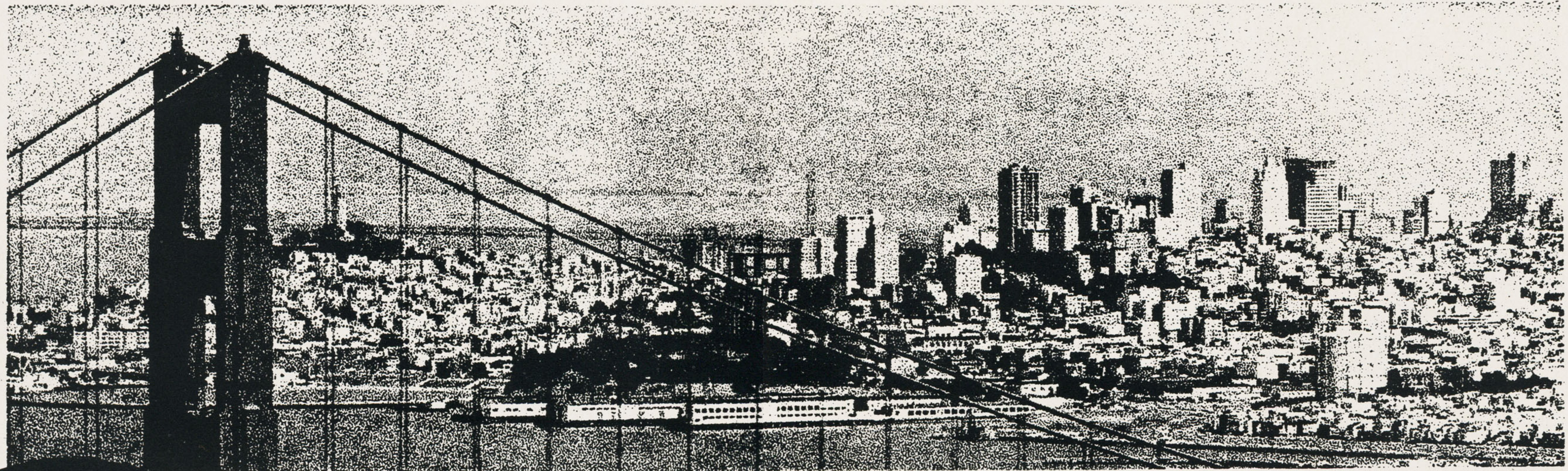


**BLOW PEOPLES MINDS!"**



**HIPPY DISDAIN FOR SOCIAL CONFORMITY!**





# HAIGHT-ASHBURY

Hippie Heaven, The Haight-Ashbury  
District of San Francisco

## HIPPIES A NUISANCE, S.F. VETERAN OFFICER INSISTS

Park Station of the San Francisco Police Department is an acid head's dream.

Nestled inside the lush east end of Golden Gate Park, this yellowing oak building is surrounded by the best mind-expanding smells, sounds and patterns of nature's groovy drugstore.

A bumper sticker pasted to the complaint window offers a one-word greeting of magenta: LOVE.

This free psychedelic show, without the bumper sticker perhaps, has been performed since 1905 when the building was constructed.

Yet recently the audience has been growing, boosted largely by a new crop of nearby immigrants — the hippies of Haight-Ashbury.

Unfortunately—for both sides—attendance has been largely involuntary.

### Getting LSD Crowd Now

"They started moving in here two, maybe three years ago," recalled Lt. Curran of the Park Station day watch. "The original hippies were all right—real writers and artists. Now we're attracting the LSD crowd."

Lt. Curran, a gentle, witty veteran of 29 years on the force, is not a man to be ruffled by hippies. He

takes reports of growing Haight-Ashbury tension and rumors of a summer youth invasion with pounds of salt.

"That's just something that's been concocted by the newspapers," he said. "What we have here is nothing more than a bunch of kids celebrating Halloween every day.

"Only thing now is, on Saturdays and Sundays we're getting an influx of cars to the district. Some are tourists and some are your 'plastic' hippies—you know, the phonies, the high school kids that come over on weekends."

The main problem police have

in the Haight-Ashbury is trying to locate runaway teen-agers, particularly young girls.

"That's the sad part of all this, all these girls running away." "Last month we had a father up from Los Angeles looking for his teenage daughter. He finally had to dress up as a hippie himself and go into the area to find her."

Many of the runaways take refuge in digger houses where they can stay free of charge.

"The digger ideas are all right, but their execution is wrong," he said. "Their houses are way overloaded. You can't have 60 persons using two toilets. Their sanitary



# TOGETHERNESS IS IN!

conditions are poor. I've heard some get lice but are too tender-hearted to kill 'em.

## Started Camping in Park

"Another thing — whenever you have young girls staying with a bunch of older men, you have sex rearing its ugly head. I mean, down at 6th and Market if a man makes a pass at a girl, he's a dirty old man. Here, all he has to do is spout some poetry or put on a serape or crazy hat and it's okay."

"Last year they started camping out at night in Golden Gate Park, sleeping in these tents and sleeping bags." "Well, this park's not national, and the park code's against it. I'd hate to do it myself, with the rats and things in the bushes.

"We had one incident over here the other day. Our men discovered some hippies sleeping in a foxhole they'd dug in the sand. It had a trap door with camouflage and everything."

Because Park Station officers still walk their beats, the lieutenant explained, relations with the hippies have been good.

"As far as I'm concerned, your foot man is still your best community relations officer. He can talk to people and get to know them. One officer in the Haight-Ashbury is an artist himself, has some of his stuff hanging in the shop windows.

When those guitars get  
goin' the clothes get  
going, too . . . down and off!





# THE SWINGERS



## Draft Card Burners Get Six Months

NEW YORK, Nov. 30 (AP)—Three convicted draft card burners received six-month prison sentences in Federal Court today, but were permitted to remain free pending an appeal.

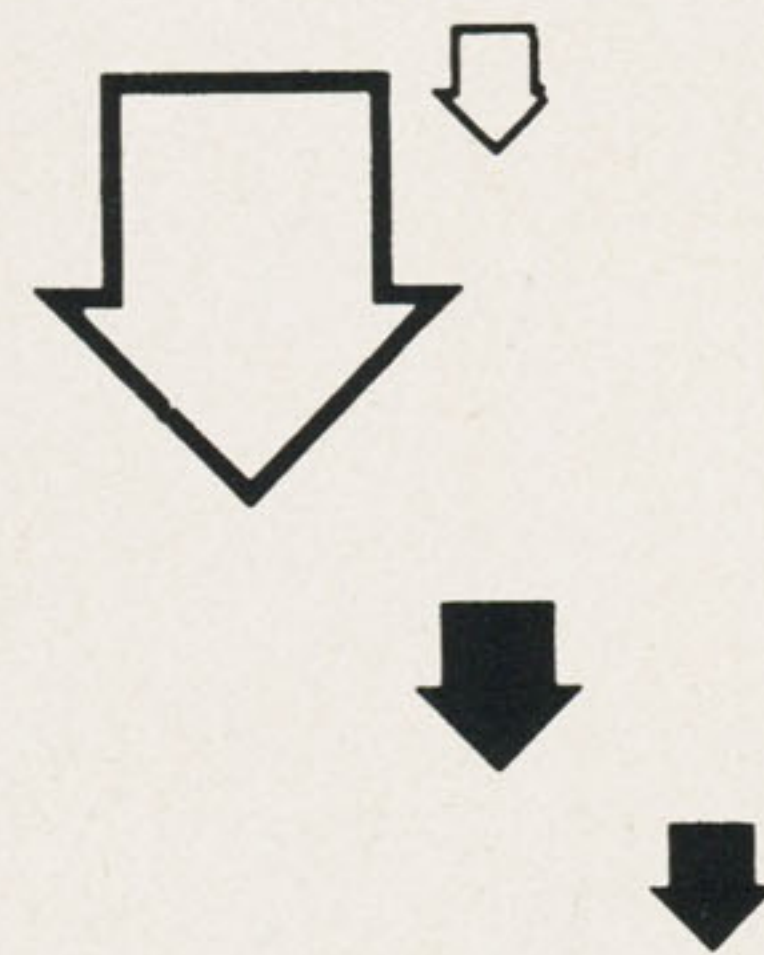
The three burned their draft papers Nov. 6, 1965, but none was draft-eligible. Two were classified 4F and the third as a conscientious objector.

The men, who were convicted after a non-jury trial, are Thomas C. Cornell, 32, New York City; Marc P. Edelman, 20, Mt. Vernon, N.Y., and Roy Lisker, 28, Philadelphia.

Under the law, each could have received a sentence of five years in prison and a \$10,000 fine.

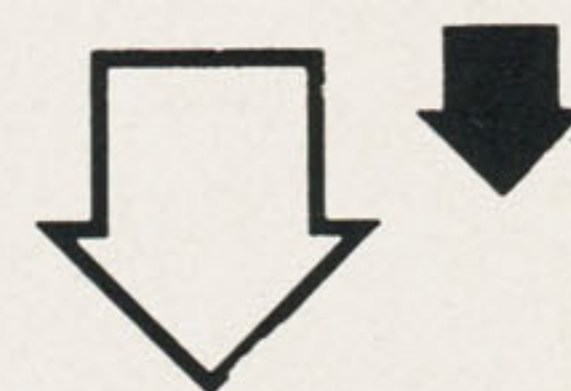
Those long tresses  
are about all these  
chicks think about...  
except studs!





Uncle Sam needs you, no says the Hippies and Teenyboppers! We want no part of the armed services. So they burn their draft cards, burn the flag. Hide-out in Canada. They fake homosexuality . . . anything to beat Uncle Sams call!! A big change from the former generations who heeded the call to arms! Today the longhairs make the cry "Make love not war."

**VIETNAM.**



**NO**







**"SOCIETY IS MADE UP OF RAT-FINK SQUARES"**





## Swinging Hollywood

Jim and Sue Johnson have been married seven years. They live in Wellwood, California, near the college where Jim teaches, and near the hospital where Sue is an analytical biochemist. Jim holds a degree and an associate professorship in one of the social sciences; Sue has a master's degree in animal husbandry. They live in a small but luxuriously decorated one bedroom apartment, with their child, a son, four years old. The following is an account of their introduction to the swinging practices.

"We started the swinging thing about six years ago—nothing planned—just sort of falling into it.

"Sue had dated my roommate—I'll call him Harry—for about a year before I started dating her. (This was while Jim and Sue were undergraduates at the same college where Jim now teaches.) I knew that Sue and Jim were sharing sexual relations, and they knew the same about me and Ellen, the girl I was dating. I mean, there was no attempt at secrecy. None of us was considering marriage; we just accepted our relationships as normal and comfortable.

"Like when we went to a skiing resort area one weekend, Sue and Harry shared a room, and I shared a room with Ellen.

"But then Sue and Harry had a falling out, and I started dating her. I think I loved her even then: there was always a certain rapport between us. Anyway, it wasn't long after that until we were inseparable, and after I finished my senior year we were married. Sue was just a junior, so after we were married, she continued to go to school, and I began work on my degree.

# INCREDIBLE

## SWAP CLUBS



"We continued to see Ellen—having her dinner occasionally, or—with a date for her—the four of us going out or something. After George got his bachelor's, he went home to Montana, and it was several years before we saw him again. We wrote each other a couple of times, but that was it.

"Then after Sue and I had been married a couple of years, he paid a visit to Vegas and we invited him to stay with us. We invited Ellen

over for dinner to round it out, and the four of us sat around and talked until the wee hours. And since it was so late, we invited her to spend the night with us, too. This was before Ronny, our son, was born, and we had the one spare bedroom so Harry decided to give it up for Ellen, and we fixed Harry a place on the couch.

"Sue and I were always rather uninhibited in our sexual activity, and neither of us had ever been as

completely satisfied with any other sex partner as we were with each other. It was always good between the two of us. But that night, talking about our old friends — how they had been, and how they were—we got onto the subject of their love-making. With the two right beyond our bedroom walls—with Sue talking about her experiences with Harry and me talking about Ellen—we grew more sexually excited, more stimulated, than either



of us had been in a long time.

"Our love-making was more violent that night, more passionate, and more sexually rewarding than either of us could remember since right after we first started going with each other.

Our strange  
sex mores



# SWAP CLUBS

"We finally slept—completely exhausted. When we woke up, Harry was not on the couch. Grinning like a couple of idiots, Sue and I peeked into the other bedroom, and there they were, asleep, nude, snuggled up like kittens. Later they teased us about making so much noise—so many squeaks, and oooh's and aaah's that neither of them could get to sleep, and they had gotten together over a cup of coffee and gigglingly discussed us. But the giggles hadn't lasted long. That the sound of someone else making love had driven them almost frantic and they had practically leapt into each other's arms.

"After that first night we had two house guests that were to stay with us a few days.

"The second night, the four of us danced, switching partners as the mood struck us, and spent more time laughing and talking; but that night we retired rather early, just a little after eleven. Only this time, it was Sue and I who eavesdropped on the sounds coming from **their** bedroom.

"That night, with the sounds and our imaginations as stimuli, we were just as wild as we'd been the night before. After we'd practically drained every ounce of energy out of each other, we lay there discussing the phenomenon, and eventually we talked about how it would be for each of us to have relations with our old friends again. Both of us were reluctant to admit that we wanted to—I think it's probably because of a misdirected sense of **car-ing** for each other, really—but gradually we saw that we both felt ex-

actly the same way!

"We didn't know exactly what to do about what we'd discovered. I mean, if there had been only one of them staying with us, then maybe one of us could have left, to let the other attempt a little seduction, but since they were both with us, the only thing we could do was to try subtly to feel them out—see if they felt the same way about it.

"I didn't have long to wait. I got up to fix a bowl of cereal—I often do that—and there was Harry raiding the refrigerator. I fixed us a quick bite to eat, and we sat down at the kitchen table. I'm afraid I was about as subtle as a twenty-one-gun salute. I said something like, 'Ellen is nice . . .' And he said, 'Yeah, but you're the lucky one.' And I said, 'Oh? Sue was just talking about you tonight—' and I think I grinned a little and added, '—about your amatory prowess.' He said something about it not being difficult to get amorous with Sue. And then I blurted out, 'I think she'd probably like to try you again sometime.'

"With that, of course, I was committed. He said he'd love to try her again sometimes, and I asked what he thought about the possibility of our switching. We discussed it for a while, then he went off to talk to Ellen about it. I never will forget that waiting period. Pure social hell, when I wasn't sure how Ellen would take it. But it was hardly a minute when he came back. He said that Ellen said if Sue said it was all right, she was all for it!

"And that's it. I went in to tell Sue what had happened, and she

was agreeable for right then, so Harry and I changed bedrooms.

"All four of us enjoyed ourselves that night. But the funny thing was, Sue and I enjoyed the next day even more. We were so busy discussing the experience between us, reliving it for each other and analyzing our attitudes that the next day, we hardly got out of bed at all. I'm afraid we thoroughly ignored our guests—who later told us they weren't really aware of it because **they** were too busy ignoring **us**.

"After Harry went back to Montana, we wrote each other a couple of times, but then the letters dwindled off, and we finally lost track of each other. After those initial experiences, we didn't indulge the swinging thing until after our son was born, about two years later. Meanwhile, Ellen married another friend of ours, who is also rather broadminded, and they come over about once a month with two other couples we met through them who have attitudes and experiences similar to ours, and we spend the weekend together. (Ronny, the son, visits his grandmother for the weekend.)

"We all know each other well, and like each other very much, and we think we've learned invaluable lessons from the experience. The diversity of partners seems to give us just the added dash of extra-sensual provocation we need to make our sex-lives, and our private life together, as good as it is. We love it."

One of the couples who join Jim and Sue one weekend a month live in Woodland Hills, California, in the San Fernando Valley. Their names are Greg and Angela. Greg



is employed by a major aerospace-industry component builder near his home; Angela stays home with their two children (aged 6 and 4). Angela knew Ellen in school, and their introduction to the ranks of the swingers came after a series of philosophical discussions, where the two couples explored their own interests, their desires and their natures. As a result, they made arrangements for the two men to "exchange homes" for a night. Ellen's husband paid a visit to Angela, and Greg went to Ellen. That was the start for Greg and Angela; later, Ellen introduced the couple to Jim and Sue.

But in addition to the regular monthly meetings with members of that original group, through a series of advertisements in a "very confidential" column of a national newspaper, Angela and Greg corresponded with, and later met, several other couples with similar interests who live in the same general area. It was from one of these couples that Greg and Angela were introduced to four other groups, varying in size from six to sixteen couples. Now, the two of them have one of those groups in rotation to their home, or attend one of the group activities about once each week, invite two or three isolated couples to their home and visit other couples about once or twice a week. Angela is active in several community social organizations, and is an officer in the local Parent-Teacher's Association. "We would probably be even busier swinging," she says, "if it wasn't for the PTA—makes it rather difficult." She mentions the PTA quite often, seeming to delight in the incongruity, but she does take her responsi-

bility in the organization seriously, despite her wide sardonic grin when she mentions it.

She and Greg experience other sexual partners an average of three or four nights a week, regularly looking forward to "meeting someone new." When asked if that much activity does not interfere with their own sex relations, they look at each other with shy smiles, and then in unison, shake their heads **no**.

Greg is 32 years old, 6-feet tall, weighs about 180 pounds; he is blue-eyed, blonde-headed and slender. Angela has long flowing auburn-colored hair and blue eyes; she is 5½-feet tall, and her 126 pounds are distributed 37-25-36. Both Angela and Greg wear almost constant smiles—the type of smile that brings one in return. Their company is in continual demand from everyone they know, and after the first meeting it is understandable.

The sixteen-couple group, incidentally, which Greg and Angela are members of, is, one of the few groups which have formulated a full set of by-laws and "commandments."

The by-laws provide for several committees:

1. A planning committee—which has the responsibility of planning all group get-togethers, i.e., scheduling the meetings, arranging for locations, food and drink, special material of interest (including pornographic films, games, etc.).
2. A recruitment committee—which recruits members and supervises their initiation. (The initiation for new members consists of scheduled sex relations

with every permanent member of the group—and a subsequent vote of approval by the permanent members—before the new members are accepted as regulars. The proposed new members may drop out (as may regular members) at any time they choose. Before the initiation begins, however, a nude photograph of the initiates must be furnished the recruitment committee, and these photographs are perman-

**"SOCIETY IS MADE  
UP OF  
FAVORS FOR TRADE  
WILL TOLERATE SHAME.**

ently retained for the protection of the group against indiscretions.)

3. A records committee—which maintains the names and addresses of the members and their nude photographs, plus any pornography owned by the group. (If a couple so wishes it, they may use fictitious names for the group, and members of the recruitment and records committees are the only people in the group who have access to their real identities.)

4. A "problems" committee—which is charged with the responsibility of resolving any unforeseen difficulties, e.g., brushes with the law for any reason connected with "sexual liberation" or members who have become "undesirables." (The problems committee, in existence for five years, has never had a problem to resolve.)



## BEDS WERE MEANT FOR . . . PLAY!

### ZIPPER MEANS ACTION STATIONS

The committees are decided by elections. A new member can not be nominated for a committee post until after one year of membership.

The by-laws also provide that every male be sterilized. Two medical doctors are members of this group—one a charter member—so problems of sterility have really never been a problem. Both doctors are avid campaigners for legal abortion in the event of unwanted pregnancies. (This group has never had an unwanted pregnancy. Most of the couples have children and the doctors both have performed sterilization operations for members free of charge. Because of their ideas about abortion, both doctors abstain from voting on the admittance of childless new members, since their vote includes an endorsement of sterilization of these members.)

The “commandments” for the group, tongue-in-cheek, include these:

1. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.
2. Thou shalt love thy neighbor's mate as thy own.
3. Thou shalt be sterile for the protection of thy neighbor's peace of mind.

All the members of this group are prominent members of their community, and are, of course, much concerned about discretion. Potential members are screened thoroughly before approached, and a full report is evaluated by the recruitment committee. “The ‘intrigue’—right out of a James Bond

thriller—is half the fun,” says one member. “We have a pretty exclusive little gathering; only about one out of twenty couples which we investigate are invited to join the group, and those only after a very careful feeling-out process by every couple on the committee beforehand. And since we have to do it anyway, we try to enjoy the investigation.”

Almost everyone in the group knows one or more couples with which they swing who were not accepted by the recruitment committee. The “unacceptable couples” do not know about the group at all, which attests to the discretion of the members.

One of the most exclusive groups in the world—if not the most discreet—is divided into two main sections; one we will call the Malibu section; the other, the Hollywood Hills section. This is one of the oldest groups in the L.A. area, dating back to the late twenties. The members range in age from 18 to 60; they number sixty to eighty couples, all involved in some way or another with the motion picture industry, either actively as artists or technicians or as monied-interests. Some of the biggest box-office draws in the country are members; between them they hold some thirty-odd academy awards and a couple of dozen Emmys. One of the best known husband-wife acting teams in the world is a member, as are motion picture stars, directors, writers and producers. They only hold about six group meetings a

year, two usually in late summer at Malibu, and one about every three months in the Hollywood Hills. Because of travels, artistic flareups and menstrual cycles, the average turnout for the get-togethers is about 25 couples, all of which are by personal invitation.

There are many subgroups and arrangements between members, but these gatherings have one major characteristic: they are uncrashable. Once they begin, nothing short of an earthquake or an agreement between all the members can interfere with or stop the proceedings.

At Malibu and Hollywood Hills, the only access to the house is through an elevator, a private elevator, that is locked in the up position after the guests arrive, and before the night's activities get under way. At both houses, there is an emergency staircase locked at top and bottom and alarm-rigged, so that anyone forcing their way into the stairway would give the houseguests five or ten minutes to prepare themselves before any unwanted guests can reach the top, break through that doorway, and break into the house (if such a thing should ever occur and there is no reason why it should). The only other intrusion at the Hollywood house could come after scaling a 60-foot wall on one side, or climbing up a 300-foot cactus-grown embankment on the other. The Malibu house is situated on a cliff wall that runs straight into the sea on one side, with the only other possible access route through a small, private park surrounded by an eight-foot stone fence with broken glass and shock wires encased in the top. If the shock wires are touched and the intruder gets past



the glass, an alarm goes off in the house about twenty minutes before the intruder could possibly make it across the grounds, place scaling hooks and lower himself down onto the roof top of the house—and then he would still have the problem of gaining entry. The Hollywood house has a heliport, alarm-rigged, but at the Malibu house—because of air currents—not even a helicopter could get in. Needless to say, if a member is more than 30 minutes late, he seldom bothers to try to make it. (An eccentric movie financier commissioned the architect to build both houses back in the twenties. The financier lost most of his

where his heels snapped into the wood after the swing and sudden whip-like snap of his body as the sheet held at the neck.)

In 1933, a then highly acclaimed actress bought the house in Hollywood as a residence for herself and her unknown producer-director-writer husband. Since then, the actress has faded into relative obscurity, and her husband has become one of the most prominent producers in the business. The two of them had been members of the Hollywood swingers element for several years even then, and when they moved into the house in the Hills, their regular gatherings

up.”

“What he means is,” she says, “he understood my problem. Now that’s the least of my problems—I’m a great-grandmother, you know—so I bring him up a couple of whores occasionally, and pray for the day he grows out of his second childhood.”

“Sweetheart, I’m not even through with my first yet. Take more whores than ever stalked the ‘Strip’ to end this one.”

One reaches the house in the Hollywood Hills by driving up a road consisting of hairpin twists and turns, lined on one side by cliffs and cement walls that form the bases of houses far above you, lined on the other by small looking houses (though in reality, some of them are several stories high, built downward from the street-level), with occasional breaks to give you long, fantastic views of Hollywood and the whole of Los Angeles stretched out as far as you can see (which on a smoggy day may not be as far as it sounds). The turnoff to the house is a shrub-lined private drive that ends at six garage doors set in a blank cement wall. To the left, over the small shrubs and a two-foot wall, is the view of the city. To the right, one looks up to see walls and parapets designed like an ancient mosque, straight out of Kipling. The house intercom and elevator are set with red and blue and black tiles in flower and bird mosaics. One pushes the button beneath the intercom—moments later one gets out of the elevator under a covered portico that runs from the elevator to the main entrance to the house. Between the elevator and the house, all types of exotic flowers are blooming and the scent

CONTINUED



money in the '29 fiasco, hung on a couple of more years, then finally in 1932, he committed suicide by tying a bedsheet around his neck and to the bannister rail of the elegant curving staircase in the house in Hollywood, and then jumping over the railing. The paneled wall of the staircase still bears the indentations

moved with them. The actress was a nymphomaniac, and her husband, as he puts it, “appeased her. Hell, she had all that money and I didn’t have a dime, so when she wanted somebody I fixed her up. Now it’s the other way round the game. I got all the money, so she gets out and hustles to fix me



## SOME WAY OUT CATS DON'T KEEP THEIR "COOL"



fills the nostrils with an accompanying sensual experience, almost aphrodisiac in effect. To the right is the garden, with strange bronze statues and patterns of flowers poetically arranged. The same colorful mosaics line the walkways and the arches over the entrances. To the left again is that magnificent view of the city.

Inside the house, the same Indian motif is carried throughout, with many marble pieces and tapestries with exotic designs, and mar-

ble floors with the same mosaics over the doors and bordering the ceiling. The staircase curves from the foyer with its crystal chandelier up to a balcony. The steps are black marble and the banisters are heavy bronze, with a strip of black marble for the hand rail. (This is the staircase where the original owner hanged himself.) In the center of the staircase, running its full length, is a white fur rug about three feet wide. White fur rugs are used for the central sitting area in

the living room and are scattered about the house.

On the second floor, from the balcony off the stairway, runs a hallway lined with doors to bedrooms, dressing rooms, a small study (the main library is downstairs), and at the end of the hallway the entrance to the projection room. The projection room originally had theater seats for an audience of 60 people. The present owners had the theater seats taken out, and couches and pillows and winged-back chairs scattered about the room. In the projection booth, at the rear of this room, is possibly the largest private film collection in the world, with prints of everything from some of the old *Mutiny On The Bounty*, *Oliver and Hardy* movies, down to present day epics. There is also some \$50,000 worth of pornographic film.

For the gatherings, the women undress and don a sari, the colorful Indian wrap-around gown, from a collection of over a hundred; the men wear an open front tunic, with  $\frac{3}{4}$ -length sleeves. Drinks are served on a "mix-your-own" basis from a bar in the corner of the projection room.

The gatherings begin almost identically each time. The guests are first shown into the main sitting area in the "great room." After every one is settled with a drink, conversation between members of the group is extremely animated and the fate of many motion picture transactions has been decided right here. Then someone inevitably requests a tour of the house, which last about twenty minutes, and then everybody settles down in the projection room. The host runs some "rushes" from a late movie of some kind, then he shows



excerpts from a few late "cutie-nudie" movies, and then comes the pornography, usually one of the classic pornographic pieces. At the end of the last reel the projector turns off automatically, and a stereo set turns on automatically with romantic music.

The only light in the room comes from a lamp with a fifteen-watt reddish bulb; the only sounds for quite awhile are the music, the heavy breathing, the swishing of robes as the more modest make their way to the bedrooms, and the gentle creaking of springs of those less inhibited, and low moans and sighs of impassioned people.

From then on, for the rest of the night, there is a rapid succession of men and women, nude, twosomes, threesomes, foursomes, etc., of every possible combination. The showers run continuously in every bathroom, and as the night wears on, more and more people begin to join a group centered in the den, laughing and talking about just about every subject. By breakfast time, in the huge dining room, the conversations are almost exclusively business-oriented. Sex seems to have been forgotten altogether.

The only difference between the Hollywood and Malibu parties of this group is a change of host and hostess, and a few different faces. The parties in Malibu usually last longer—as long as three days in some cases—with occasional nude dips in the ocean from the private beach. (Malibu has seen many swinging parties. The "pornography king" of North America, recently murdered in Hollywood, made his home in Malibu, and often gave "bare" parties for promoters and business cronies. True sharing is the Swappers credo!!





# FLAG BURN

Irate congressmen today demanded enactment of a tough Federal law to protect the U.S. flag from being trampled, burned and spat upon by "lunatic-fringe" demonstrators.

Their anger was directed primarily against anti-draft and anti-war demonstrators who have desecrated the flag in what Rep. John W. Wydler termed a "sick act of disrespect."

Rep. James H. Quillen, Tenn., appearing before a House judiciary subcommittee holding hearings on bills which would make defiling the flag a federal offense, urged Congress to protect the flag from "hoodlumism."

Representative Roudebush said many of the state laws against desecrating the flag were ineffective.

Roudebush said local officials were often reluctant to prosecute

the "lunatic-fringe demonstrators" because in many states, the charge of desecrating the flag carries no penalty.

"We have noted this in New York where the desecration of a flag is a misdemeanor punishable by a \$50 fine," he said.

The House panel is considering more than 50 bills which would set penalties ranging from a \$1,000 fine or 90 days in jail to \$10,000 plus five years imprisonment.

## FLAG BURNING: HOW MUCH PENALTY?



OLD GLORY IS HELD UPSIDE DOWN AS SIGN OF DISTRESS!







ACTIVE OR FLAKED OUT IN A LOVE-IN, TODAY'S YOUTH WANT, USE AND MUST HAVE POT! NOTE SOME "GRASS" BEING PASSED IN PHOTO?!

THIS DOLL DRANK FIVE MARTINIS' AND . . .



NEAT PET SAYS OUR FREAK-OUT GAL . . . SHE  
HAS HAD "HERMAN" SINCE IT WAS ONLY FOUR  
FEET LONG. BOY WHAT A BOA?!?







# GOING TO POT

**SOME FACTS ON "THAT" STUFF?!  
SMOKE YOUR CARES AWAY.**

Pot is today, what booze was to previous generations. Way out stuff for the in group! Marijuana is the symbol of revolt, a cop-out for young hippies. It is an escape from today's rat race. Most take it because the

"square" adults frown on its use. The "trips" are turning on more and more kids. A trip will more or less turn you high. Heighten the inner senses. Gals forget chastity and boys become bolder. Pot is sold in joints. The

best grass comes from Mexico and is called Acapulco Gold. This is a premium supersmoke. Goes for \$45.00 an ounce. Panama Red is also considered top grass. It fetches \$25.00 per ounce. The butt of a joint is



## daylight orgy

called the roach. Most hippies never toss away the roaches. These are held in fancy gadgets and consumed to the very end. Most cats roll their own joints. Big worry today is Pot has become acceptable to the non-underground society. This threatens the hippie world of dark pads and the secret aurora that they love. If Pot becomes too

common the Beat Generation will find stronger and more Way Out kicks.

Older longhairs have the cocktail party, the Beats dig psychedelic parties. It all adds up to one thing . . . let your hair down and become loose. Lots of young people are bored with life's routine. Unlike the kids of depression years, today's hips have allowances and jobs to tide them over. Over into a world

of escape, a world of POT. Some used to drop out of school, now the draft threat makes an underground life seem the answer. Let the soap companies go broke. The barbers starve and the fuzz get lost. The pot people are right and every square is going 'round in circles! Long live Pot!! Let the squares have their "king size," their "imperials," the "paper kings" and the lung cancer too! Potheads unite!!





HOT PASSIONS IN A HOT SUMMER!?!

# AT 3 A.M. THINGS ARE JUST STARTING TO MOVE!



SNAP THE PUBLIC'S MIND . . . HAVE A FREAK-OUT! THIS  
MEANS ANYTHING THAT IS SOCIABLY NOT DONE!?



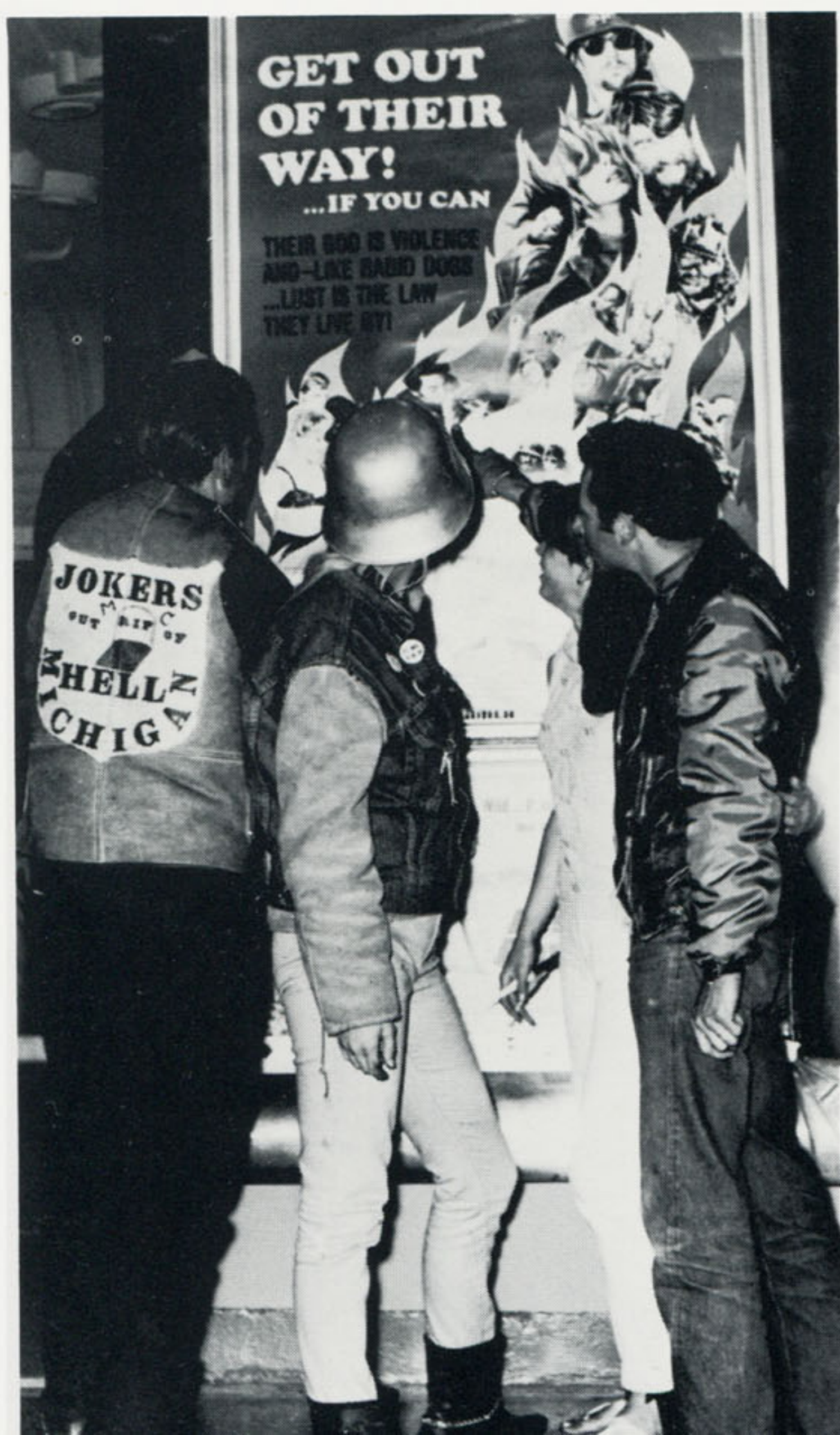


**ZIPPER MEANS ACTION STATIONS IN HIPPIEVILLE!**

**PERT YOUNG CYCLE "MAMA" CAN HANDLE CHOPPER WITH EASE!**



**CYCLE GANG LOVE MOVIES ABOUT MOTORCYCLE OUTLAWS! THESE ARE NUTS THAT CAME ALL THE WAY FROM MICHIGAN TO CALIF.**



**A wench that is prone to be promiscuous . . . MAMA**

**All day caper during a weekend with groups from rival chapters . . . RUN**

**Stock "sickles" like the squares ride . . . GARBAGE WAGON**

**A girl has intercourse with all members standing in single file . . . PULLING A TRAIN**

**American Motorcycle Association contends that ninety-nine percent of riders are law-abiding. "Angels" make up the "left over" percentage . . . OUTLAW**

**To cut up over and above the call of duty, to make the crowd look, to show . . . CLASS**



**CIRCLE IN ON THE  
BRAZEN YOUNG BREED,  
READY FOR A FLING!**

# Teen

*Invitation to a*



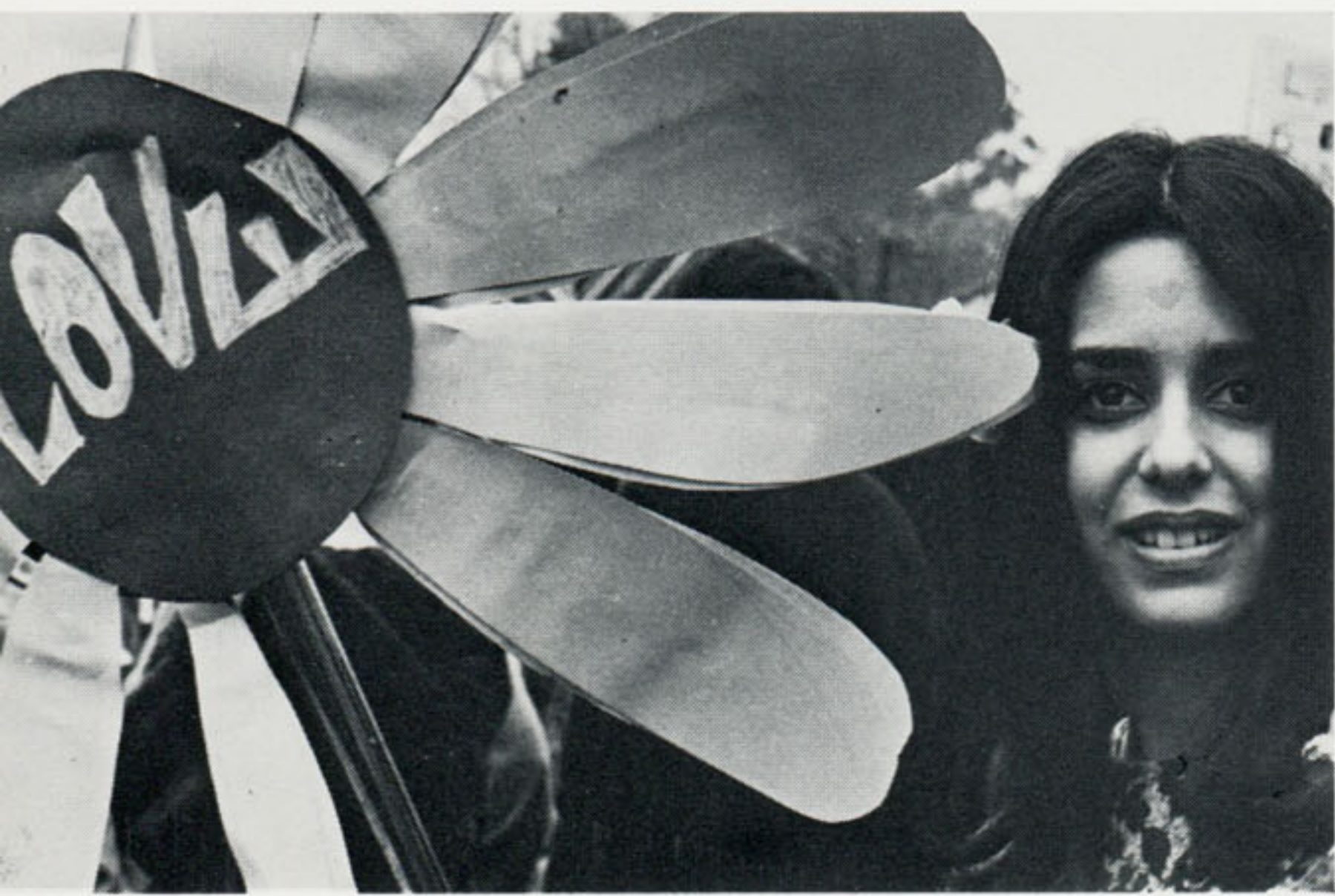
*Party*





**YOU ARE INVITED TO A**

# HAPPENING



***the youth of today ...  
Anything for thrills ... curious  
about the world around us and  
especially the opposite sex!?!***



**FRANTIC FOR A MAN?**

**THE WILD MUSIC GETS THE VERY  
SOUL OF THESE YOUNG CHICKS**



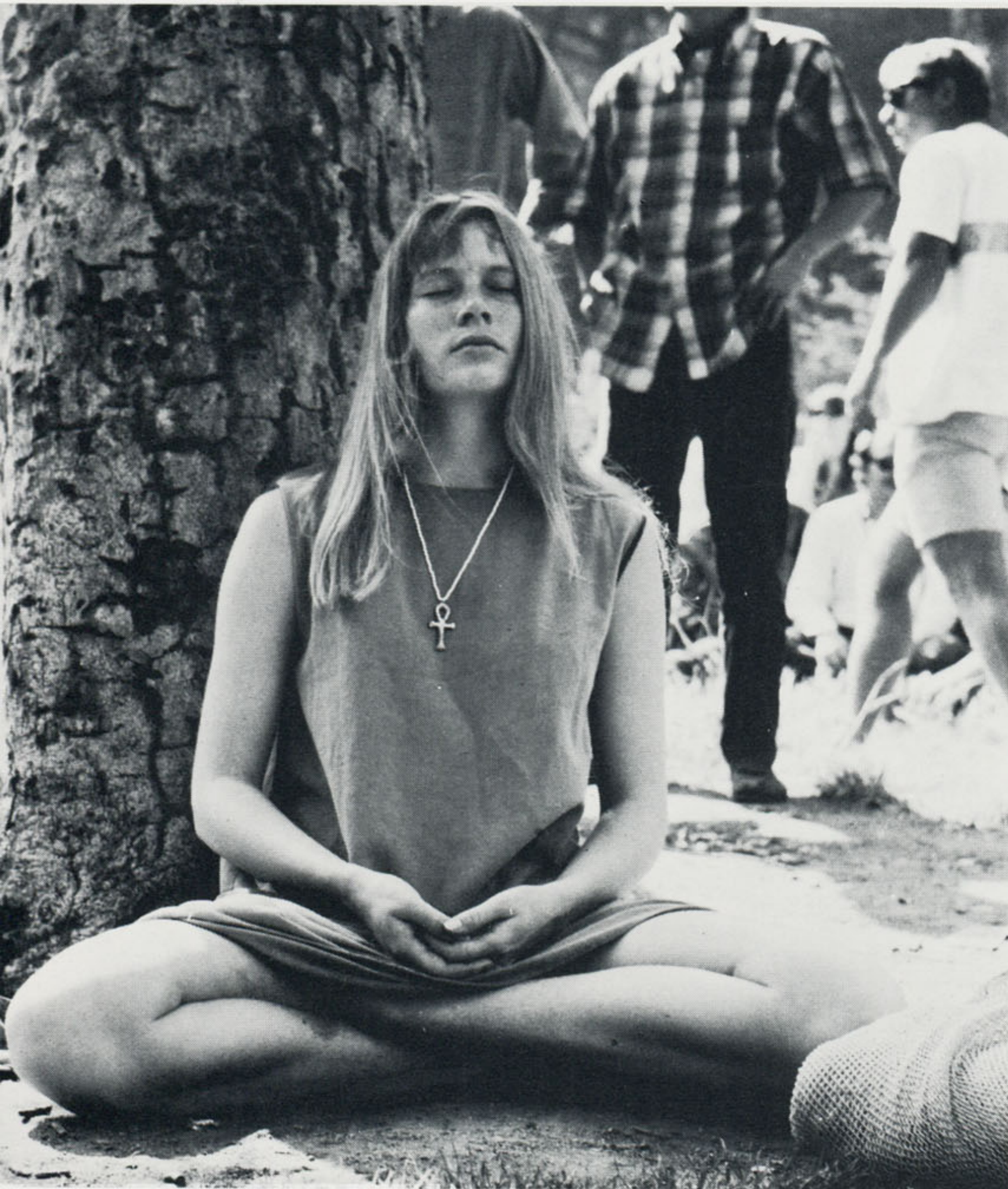
**YOU GUESSED IT!**

**HE THREW OFF HIS  
DUDS AND JOINED THE BABE**



# TODAY'S BREED

gone berserk!  
...just for kicks...







***Today's breed spends most of the  
time on their phone...boy friends,  
other chicks or***

**at the PARK!**





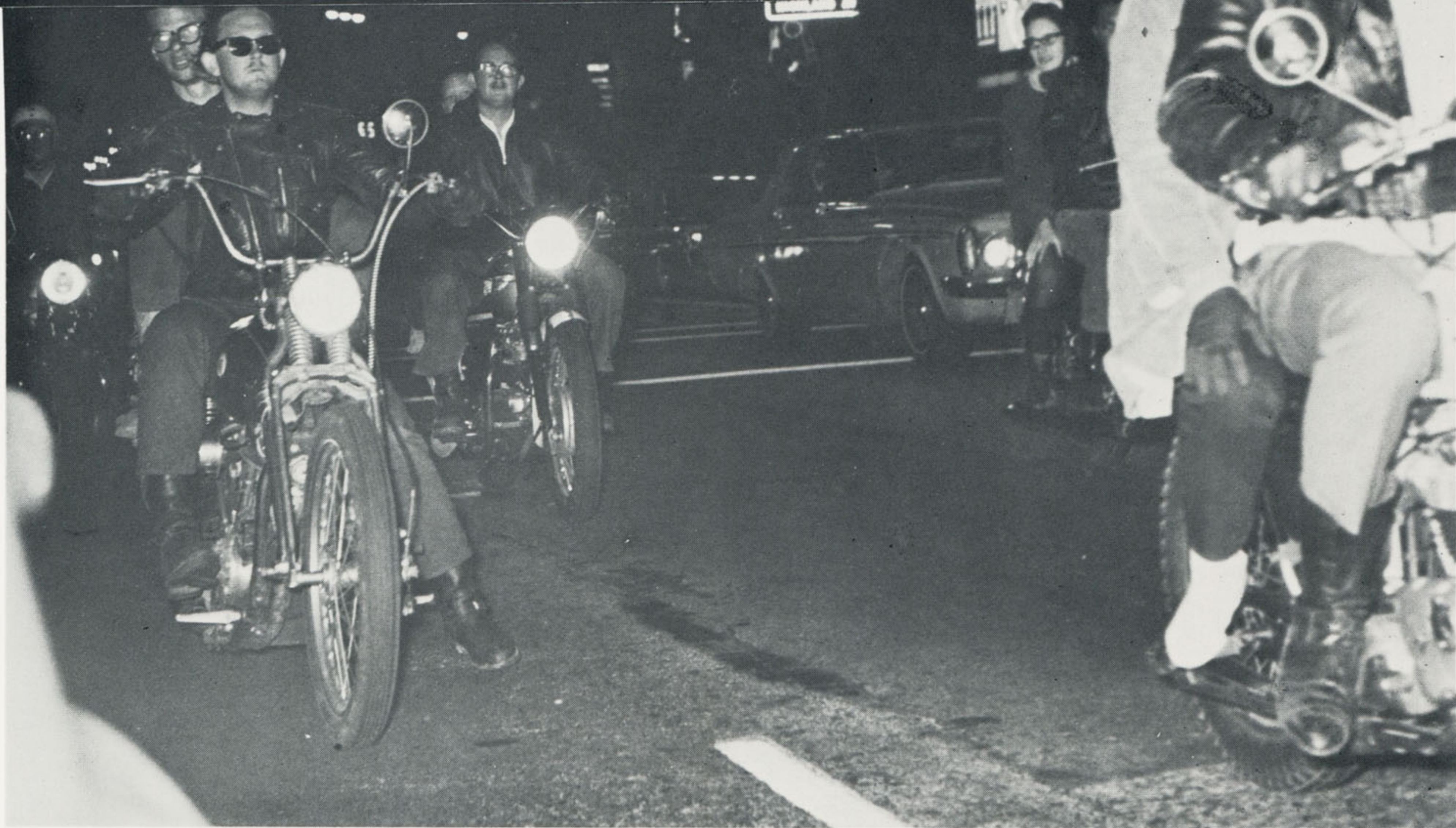
**CYCLE GANG LOVE MOVIES ABOUT  
MOTORCYCLE OUTLAWS! THESE ARE  
NUTS THAT CAME ALL THE WAY FROM  
MICHIGAN TO CALIF.**



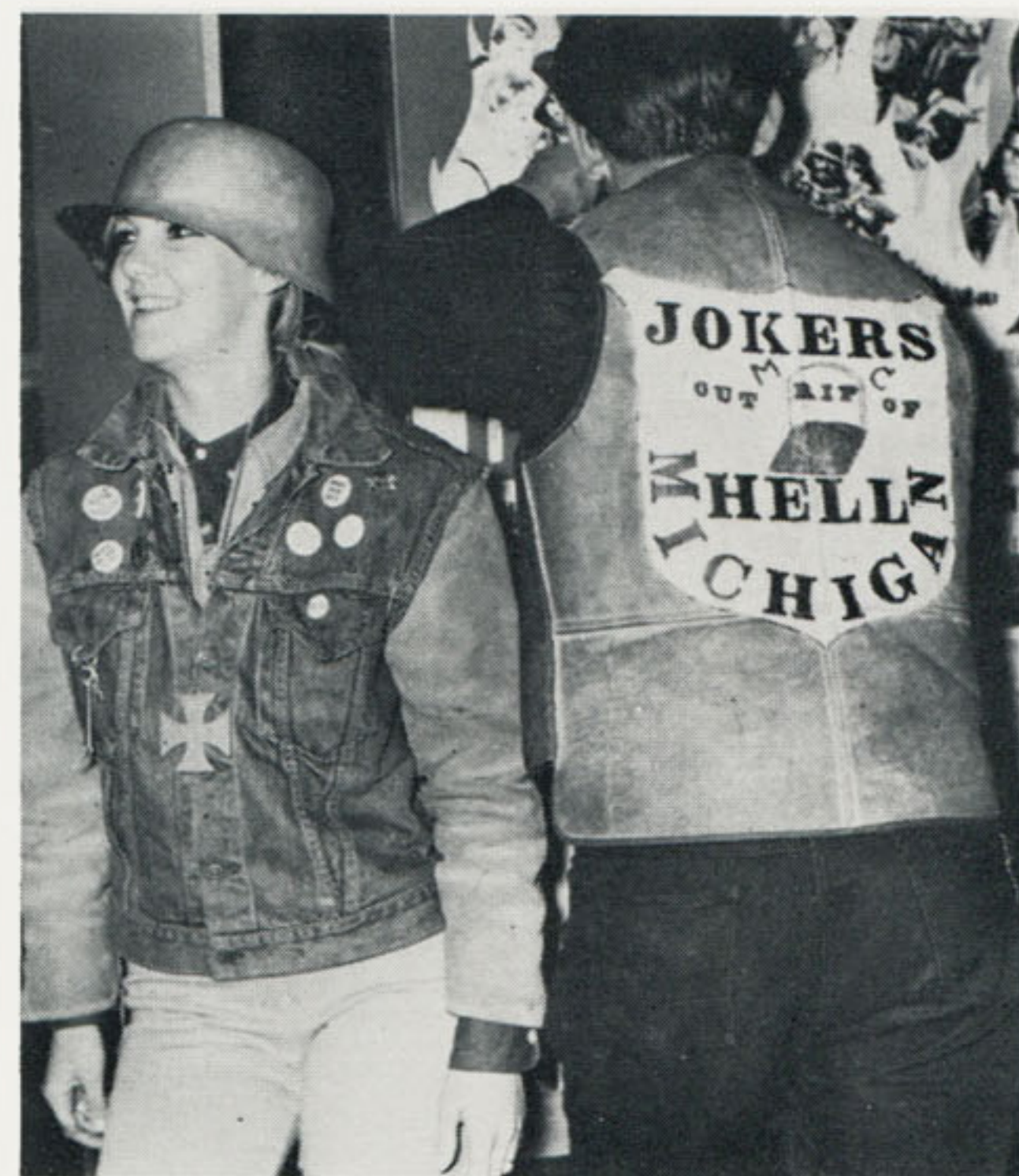
**IT ALL ADDS UP TO "VIOLENCE"**



# THE WILD ANGELS



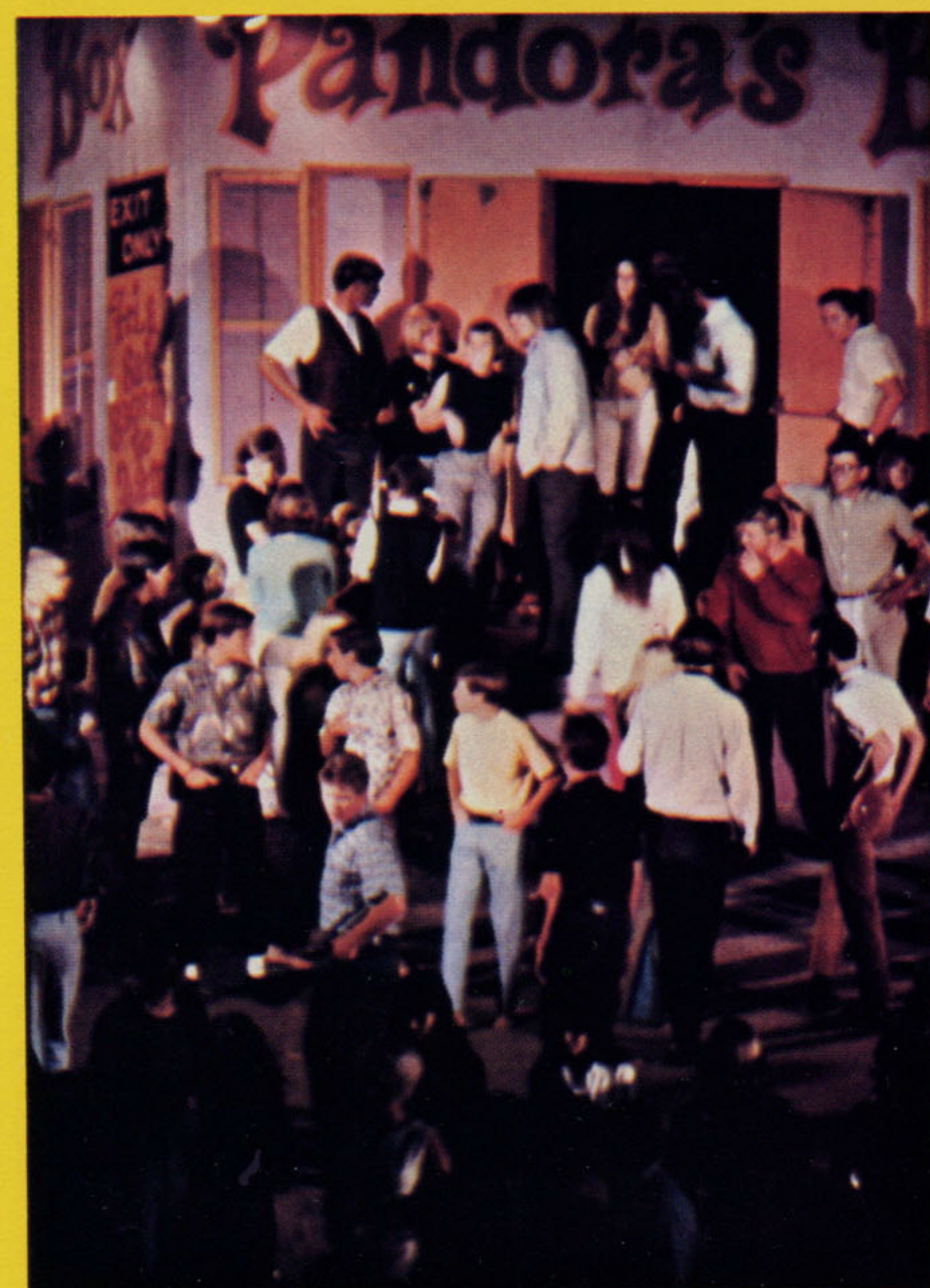
SHAKING UP THE CITIZENS ALONG HOLLYWOOD BLVD. WITH A NOISE-IN!?! NOTE COLORED ANGELS" IN TANDEM!



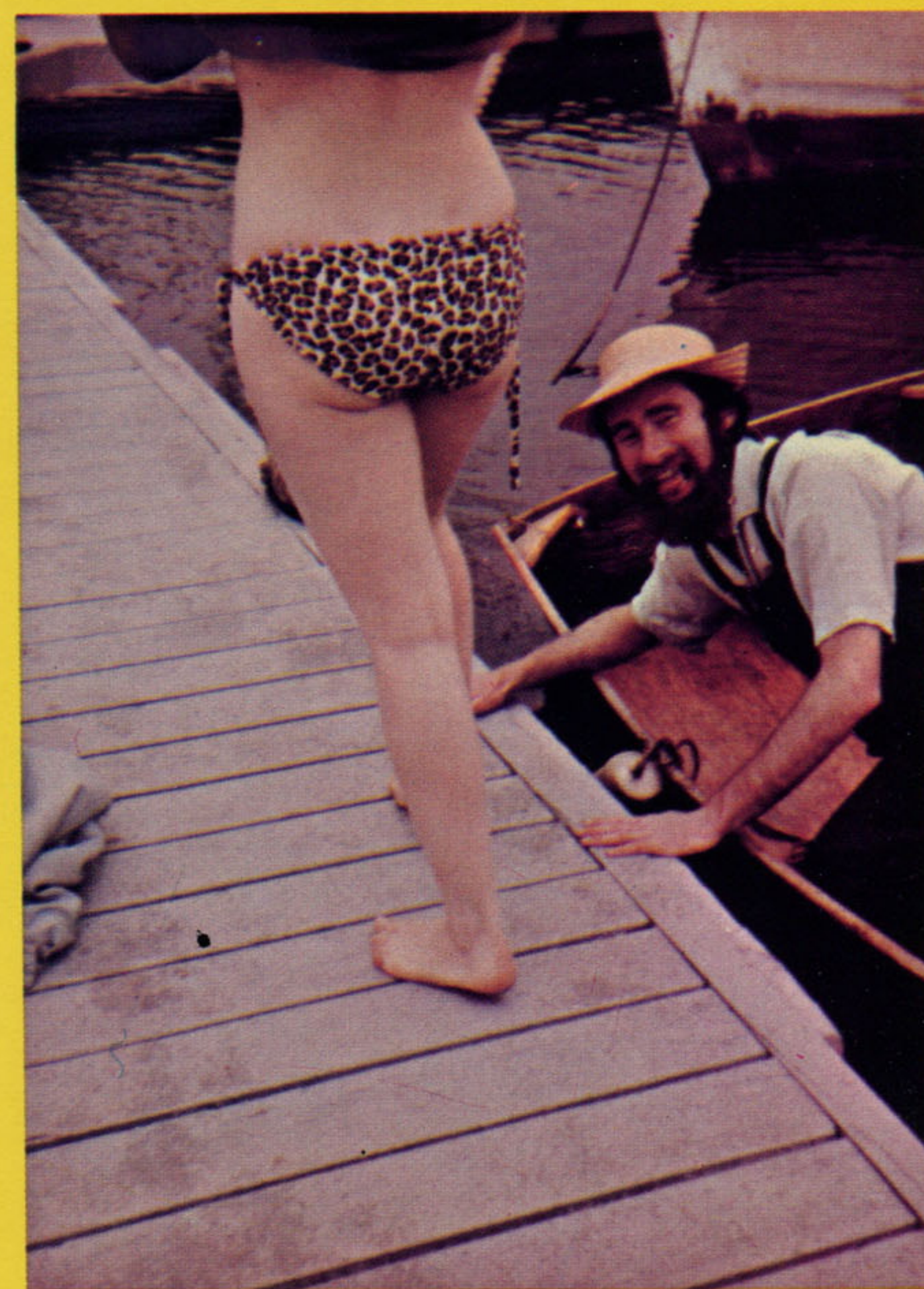




**ALL SUMMER LONG  
THEY LOAF AND  
GIRL WATCH . . .**

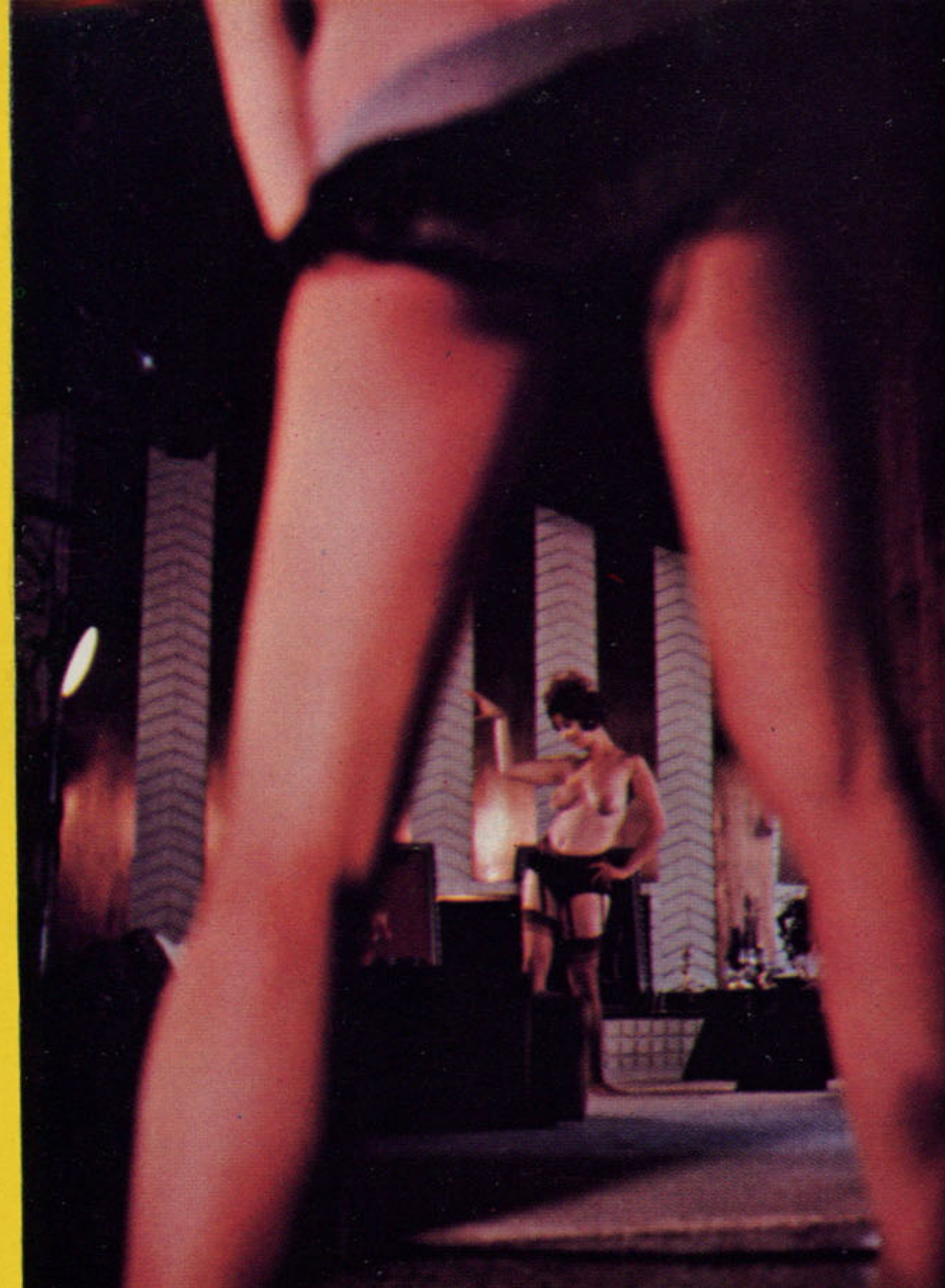


**FAMOUS HIP HANGOUT  
ON HOLLYWOOD'S SUNSET  
STRIP "PANDORA'S BOX."**



**THE CURVES ROLL BY  
AND TONGUES HANG OUT!**

**LONGHAIR GETS BEARD  
TRIMMED BY GIRLFRIEND!**



**TWO BABES LOOSE IN  
A LUSH HOLLYWOOD  
PAD . . . MOOD MUSIC AND  
EVIL DESIRE!**



**SWINGERS IN THIS  
NUTTY MIXED-UP  
WORLD OF GYRATIONS**

**PART OF A  
HIPPIE RITE!**





# CAMP ART!



**THE  
EYE REVEALS**





Hippie Art, or you too can go mad!! Most freak-outs and love-ins go for an Art Exhibit. Nobody understands what they are viewing . . . So make with oil, canvas and fake it. These tableaus are accepted in certain art circles. Real mind snap-pers and besides it helps clear up the junk that bugs the "Keep America B autiful" cult.

**THE TRUTH      LOOKS LIKE AN**  
*abortion !!*





# **The Female Animal**

STREET FIGHTS, KNIFINGS...  
IT'S ALL PART OF DARING BY  
TODAY'S YOUTH GIRLS DARING  
THEIR MEN TO TAKE AND  
ANSWER QUESTIONS LATER!







**STAG PARTIES  
ARE STILL  
VERY POPULAR  
THESE SEX  
MACHINES**





# Mad

YEAH, MAD WITH STP, THE GROOVY  
NEW DRUG . . . IT REALLY TURNS  
THE BEATNIKS ON!!?



TODAY THE KICKS COME IN MACABRE WAYS. THESE TWO  
"NEEDLE HIGH" WEIRDOS TOOK WOODSHOP IN SCHOOL . . .  
HENCE KNOWLEDGE OF THE RIP SAW AND WHAT IT CAN DO  
TO A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG HIPPIE!



THIS IS TRULY A LOVE-IN







the art of exercise

# WONDERFUL WEEKEND

GIRLS, GOOFS AND GOONS, BUSTS,  
BABES AND BASTARDS!



"she would be his woman  
- - - all the way"







make me feel good,  
she said . . ."





# TEENAGE PASSIONS RUN RIOT!



THE PICK-UP, THE PROPOSITION AND SHE WINDS UP IN SOME STUD'S PAD . .



FADS COME AND GO, BUT AN ARTISTIC TATTOO IS ALWAYS IN FAVOR!

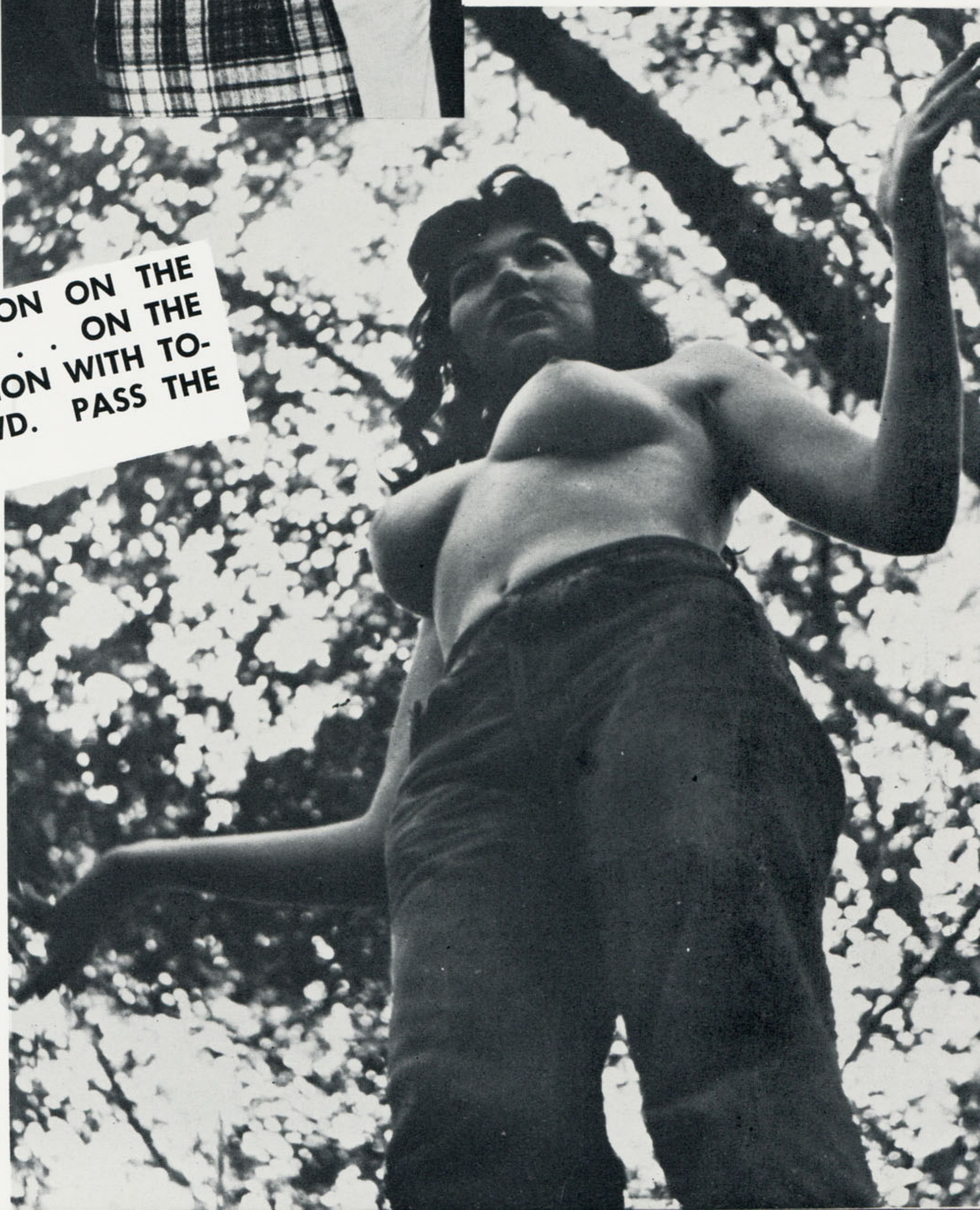
THIS KOOK IS TRYING TO SATISFY TWO HIPPIY FLOWER GIRLS . . . LOVE BABY, SHARE BABY!!







PASSION ON THE  
CAMPUS, IN THE PARKS . . . ON THE  
BEACH! IT IS AN OBSESSION WITH TO-  
DAY'S WILD HIPPIY CROWD. PASS THE  
"GRASS" MAN?!!





# FLOWER TEENS



Swarms of young people, many of them drinking and some using narcotics, are creating serious problems for merchants in several Valley shopping centers, police said today.

The situation is so bad in some places, one police captain says, that owners fear loss of tenants.

Harassment and intimidation of customers, vandalism and blocking

of parking areas are the principal complaints.

Two of the most bothersome spots are in the Foothill Police Division jurisdiction and, according to Capt. Louis Sporrer, are good examples of the fact that troublemakers are not confined to any specific racial or economic group.

One is the shopping center at Glenoaks Blvd. and Vaughn St., in

a predominantly Negro neighborhood in Pacoima.

The other is in the affluent white community of Granada Hills at Chatsworth St. and Zelzah Ave.

## Parking Lot Problems

"There is no connection between the action at those spots," the captain said, "but in both places boys and some girls hang around in parking lots."



"They do quite a bit of drinking. They play their car radios at full volume. They yell insults at women shoppers. In general, they make it very uncomfortable for customers."

Capt. Sporrer said 17 youths

have been arrested recently at the Pacoima location, and 11 at Granada Hills, most of them charged with being minors in possession of alcoholic beverages, and some for being drunk.

This police action, coupled with



summer vacation, has caused some temporary improvement in both situations, he said.

In North Hollywood Division, Capt. Robert F. Rock said two groups of young people drift from shopping center to shopping center drinking beer and intimidating shoppers and store owners alike.

"We had one incident in which a group of youths heckled a store owner until he called police," Rock said.

"We pickd up a couple of youths and chased the others away but when we were gone, some of them returned, threatened the owner and then picked up some merchandise and walked out."

#### Retaliation Feared

Officers later arrested the ones believed to have taken the merchandise, but the store owner, in fear of retaliation, refused to identify them.

"Our three trouble spots are all in the Sun Valley area," the captain said. "They are at Lankershim Blvd. and Saticoy St., Tujunga Ave. and Saticoy and Strathern St., and Vineland Ave.

"The Sun Valley Chamber of Commerce is deeply concerned, fearing loss of tenants in many stores."

More than a score of arrests have been made within a few weeks for possession of liquor and use of narcotics.







### 10 INJURED IN CAPITAL TEENAGE RIOT

WASHINGTON—Capital police officials said today they had information that yesterday's violence at Glen Echo Amusement Park, which left a trail of damage and terrified hundreds of citizens in the suburbs and the city, had been planned in advance.

Deputy Police Chief John Winters said "gang squads" assigned to Washington's various precincts had heard rumors all last week there would be trouble at Glen Echo on Easter Monday, a school holiday.

The riot, involving thousands of Negro teenagers, was triggered in the amusement park itself and then spread by chain reaction throughout the surrounding area in Montgomery County, a predominantly white suburb of Washington.

### 10 INJURED

Before the riot was brought under control, 10 persons were treated at hospitals for various injuries, cars were stoned, and windows were smashed in suburban homes along Massachusetts Avenue.

There also were incidents of vandalism in the District of Columbia as thousands of youths tried to get to their homes in the city by walking several miles.

Winters said rumors about the trouble were passed on to Montgomery County police, who sent more men to the park as a precaution. County police said this was one reason they were able to contain the enormous mob without letting it explode into violence once the park closed after the situation inside got out of control.

### UNCALLED FOR

Capt. John P. Leahy, chief of the Montgomery County juvenile bureau, said: "We didn't have anybody fighting police. It was just a case of a lot of kids being left out there, and when they couldn't get on the buses they got stirred up.

"The damage outside certainly was uncalled for, but it was a case where several thousand kids were stranded. That's what happened."

D.C. Transit System was caught by surprise when the amusement park suddenly closed. It did not have enough buses on hand to haul away the thousands who had been pouring out to Glen Echo throughout the day.

### PROBE PLANNED

Several Washington civil rights leaders announced today that they would investigate the riot. A statement signed by 10 rights leaders said that "we are aware that disturbances of this kind have become somewhat commonplace in recent years across the country over holiday periods involving youths of all ages and races. However, we believe that disturbances of this nature should not be summarily dismissed."

Sterling Tucker, executive director of the Washington Urban League and one of the statement's signers, told a news conference the riot seemed to be the same "kind of thing" as the perennial spring vacation disturbances by college students on Florida beaches.

But he added that "any kind of disturbance can trigger greater unrest." He also said, "No one wants a long, hot summer."

**"NAZI OUTFITS ARE JUST TO BLOW PEOPLES MINDS!"**







# FReAk-OUT!



SNAP THE PUBLIC'S MIND . . . HAVE A FREAK-OUT! THIS  
MEANS ANYTHING THAT IS SOCIABLY NOT DONE!?





## 25 JAILED IN CHICAGO DRAFT SIT-IN

Twenty-five Roosevelt University students have been jailed for refusing to end a sit-in demonstration aimed at the school's policy of supplying class standings to draft boards.

Eight students, including one girl, would not walk to waiting police vans and were carried from the site of the protest on the eighth floor last night. They were charged



with resisting arrest; the other 17 with criminal trespass.

Nineteen of the 25 arrested were held in lieu of \$200 bond and were to be arraigned later today. The six who posted bond were freed. Their court date is June 1.

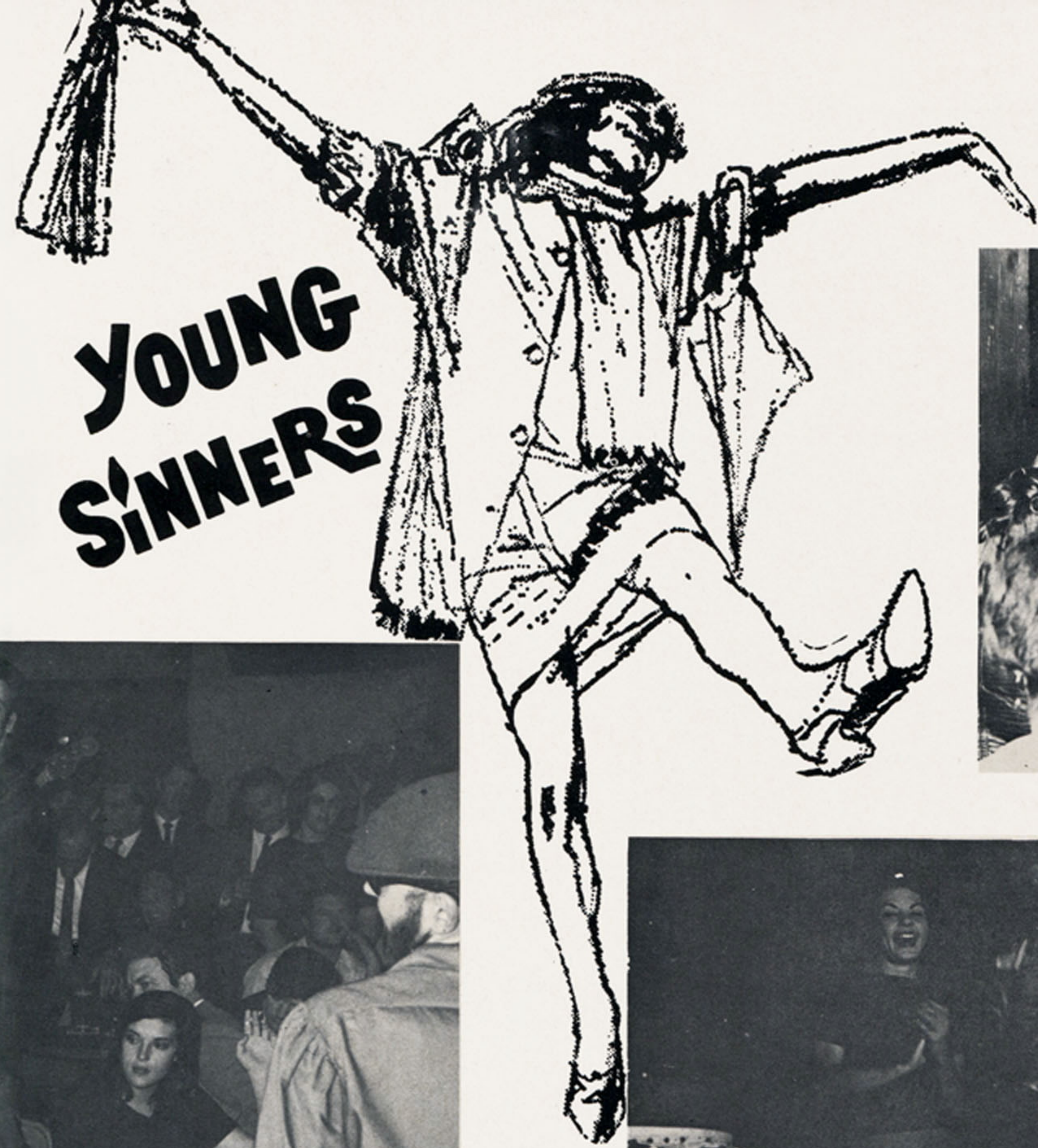
*Spokesmen for the demonstrators said they were protesting against the university policy of sending class rankings to draft boards, even at the request of individual students, and against deferment examinations.*

The students were told by director of the school they had to leave the building by 10:30 p.m. At 11:30 p.m. he appeared again and said: "I am ordering you to leave the premises of Roosevelt University."



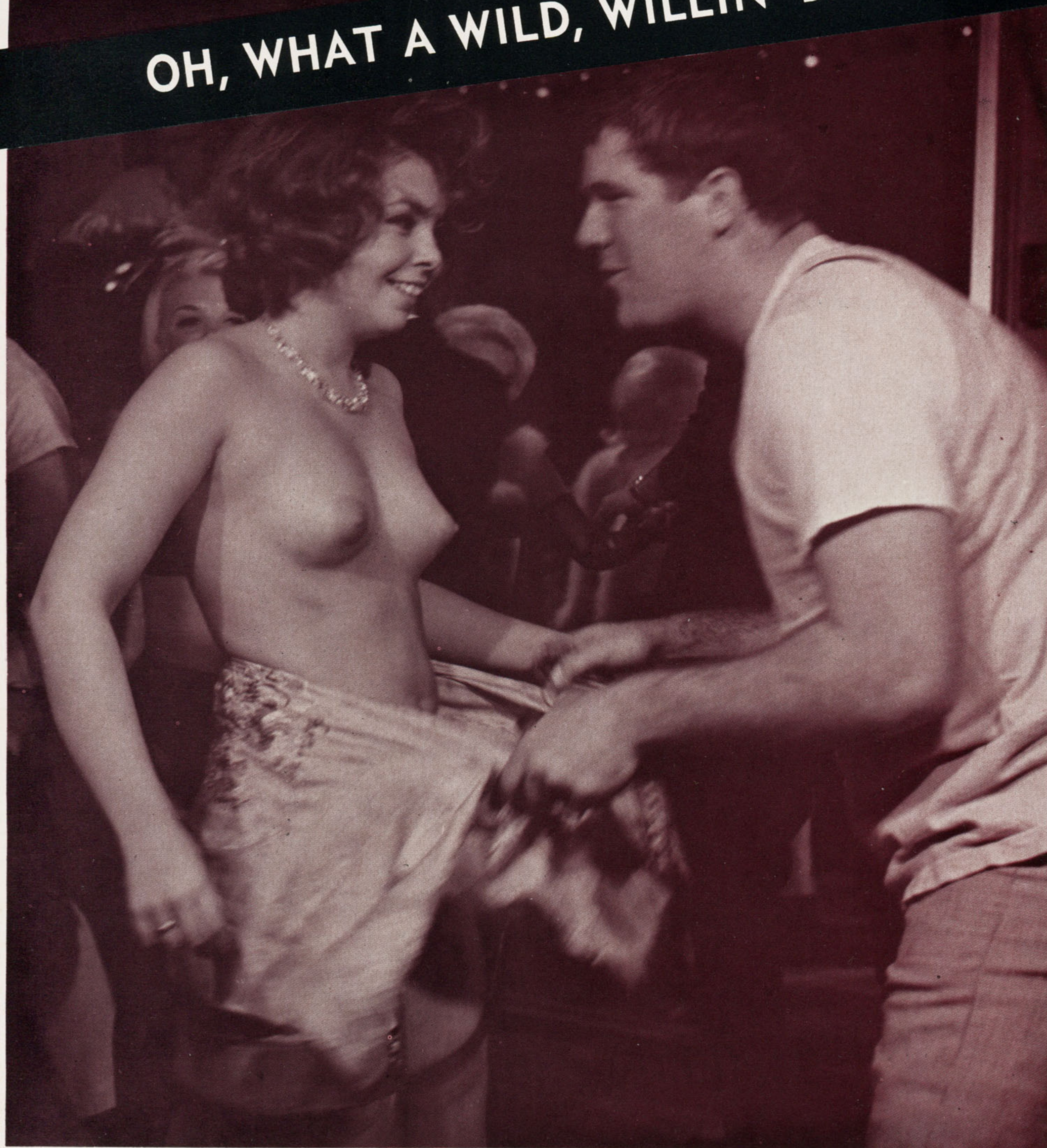


Youth gone literally to pot . . . grass to you fuzz heads. Music for frugging to!! Anybody know the fox-trot? Only thing today's breed knows is trot off to a love-in or bed-in!





**OH, WHAT A WILD, WILLIN' BREED!**

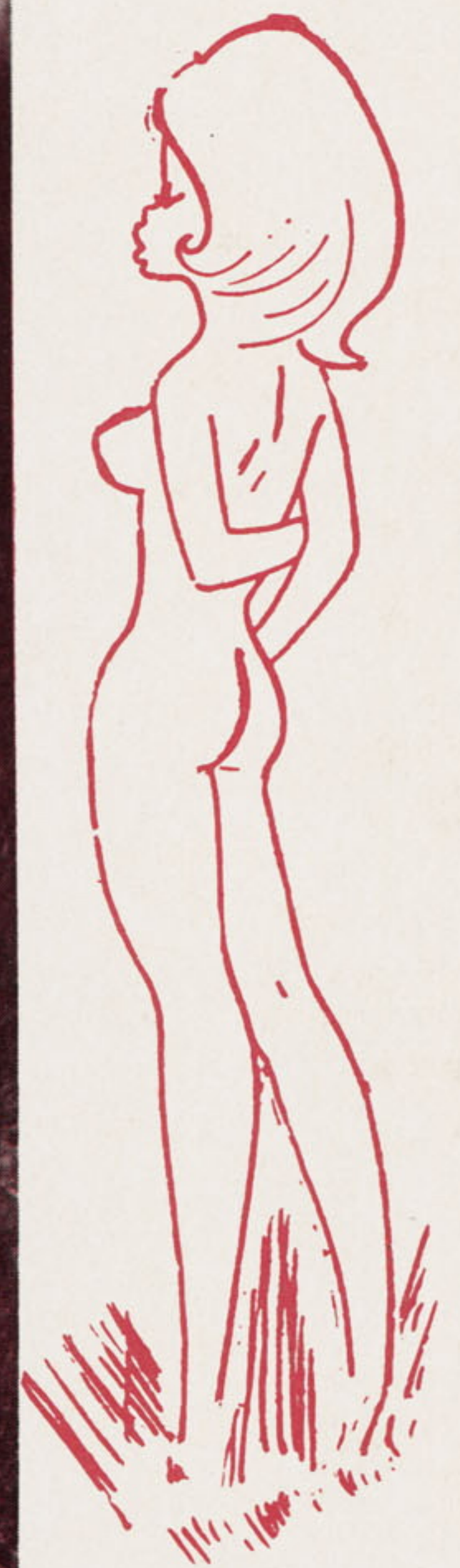
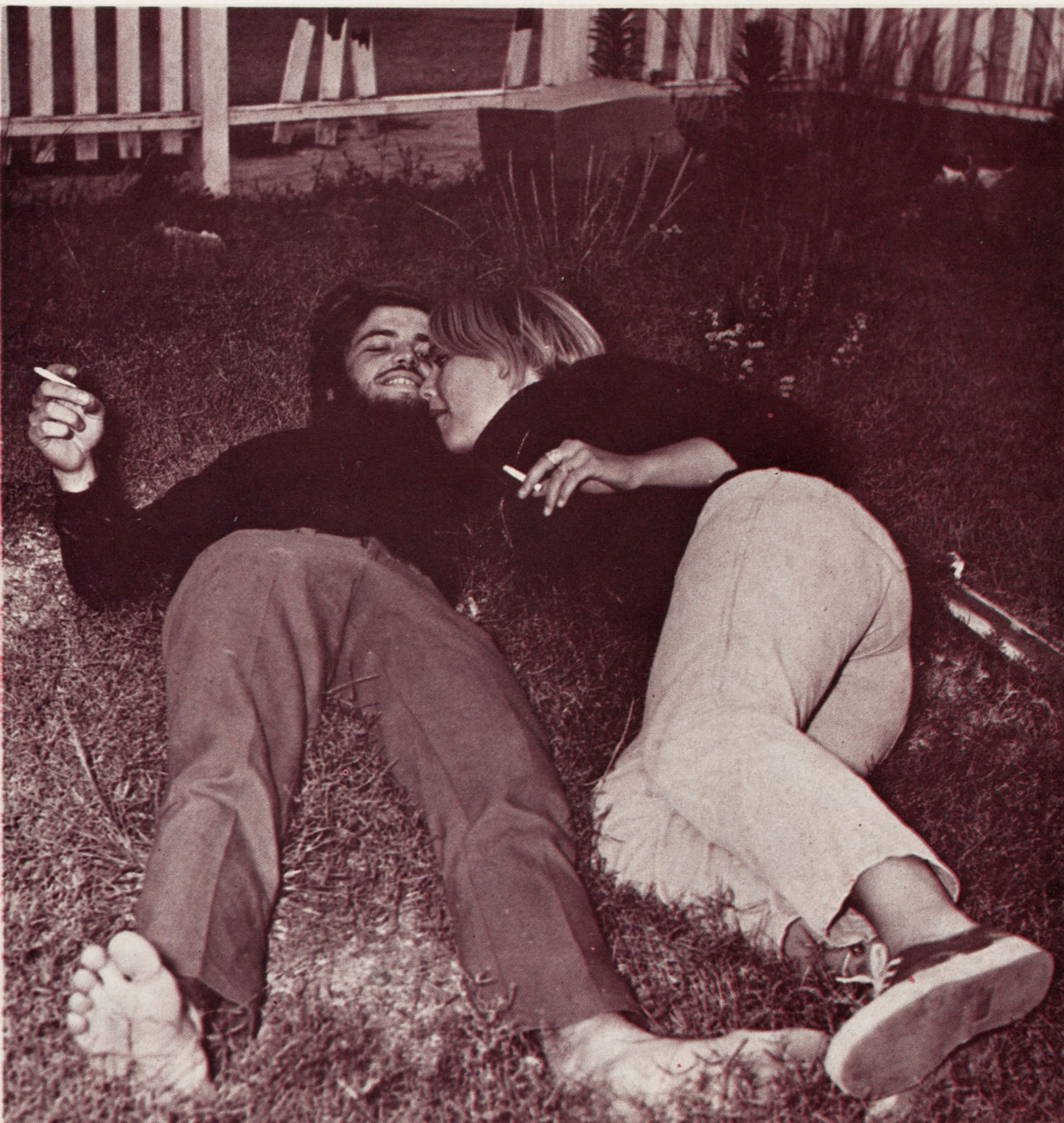


**THE PICK-UP, THE PROPOSITION AND PLAYIN' THE ODDS . . .  
SHE WINDS UP IN SOME STUD'S PAD . . . HOT PASSIONS IN  
A HOT SUMMER!?!**





**WAY OUT NUTS, KOOKS, GOONS AND FLOWER PEOPLE!**







BEACHES DRAW THE WAY OUT CROWD . . . IT REALLY IS A HOT SUMMER AT THE SURF! YES, IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE. SEX MIXES WITH SAND AND SURFER NUTS. GALS VIE FOR THE BRONZED GUY'S ATTENTION. BEER, POT AND SCANTIE SWIMWEAR STIR UP PASSIONS . . . WIENIE BAKE, ANYBODY? PASS THE MUSTARD AND LSD!!



**GIRLS' HONOR IS OUT  
BOOZE HELPS CRACK  
THE BARRIERS**

**DRUGS ARE PASSED 'ROUND LIKE CIGARETTES**







**"LOVE ME."**

**SITTING BEHIND HEAVY POLICE BUS WIRE BARS IN ABJECT SHAME. YOUNG GIRLS CAUGHT UP IN A WORLD OF HARSH FACTS. SOCIETY WILL NOT TOLERATE HIPPIE DISDAIN FOR SOCIAL CONFORMITY!**

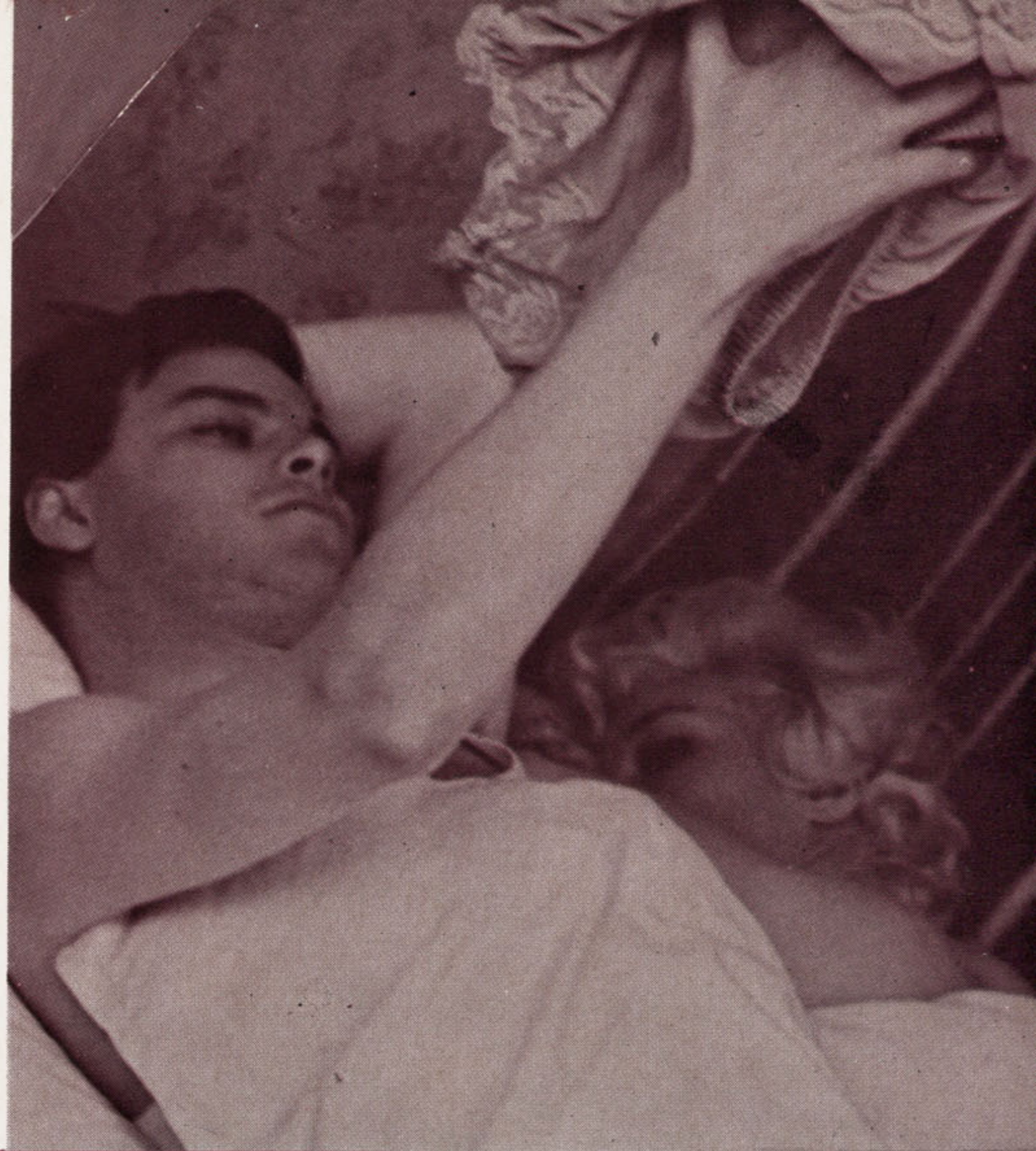
**THE FUZZ, THEY WENT THAT WAY . . .  
WE WERE TOO MUCH!**





# Try Anything and Everything

Young hippies rounded  
up in Police Bus . . . Note  
infant in girls arms.  
Many female hippies  
not only believe in free  
love, they practice it! !  
Have Peace Not War!





# WAY-OUT KICKS THAT MAKE THE "LAST DAYS OF POMPEII" LOOK LIKE A SCHOOL PICNIC!

FOUR GUYS . . . AND  
THIS WENCH LOVED EVERY  
MINUTE OF IT!  
GANG BANGS ARE COMMON  
OCCURENCE WITH  
FREAK-OUT PEOPLE?!

## SEX



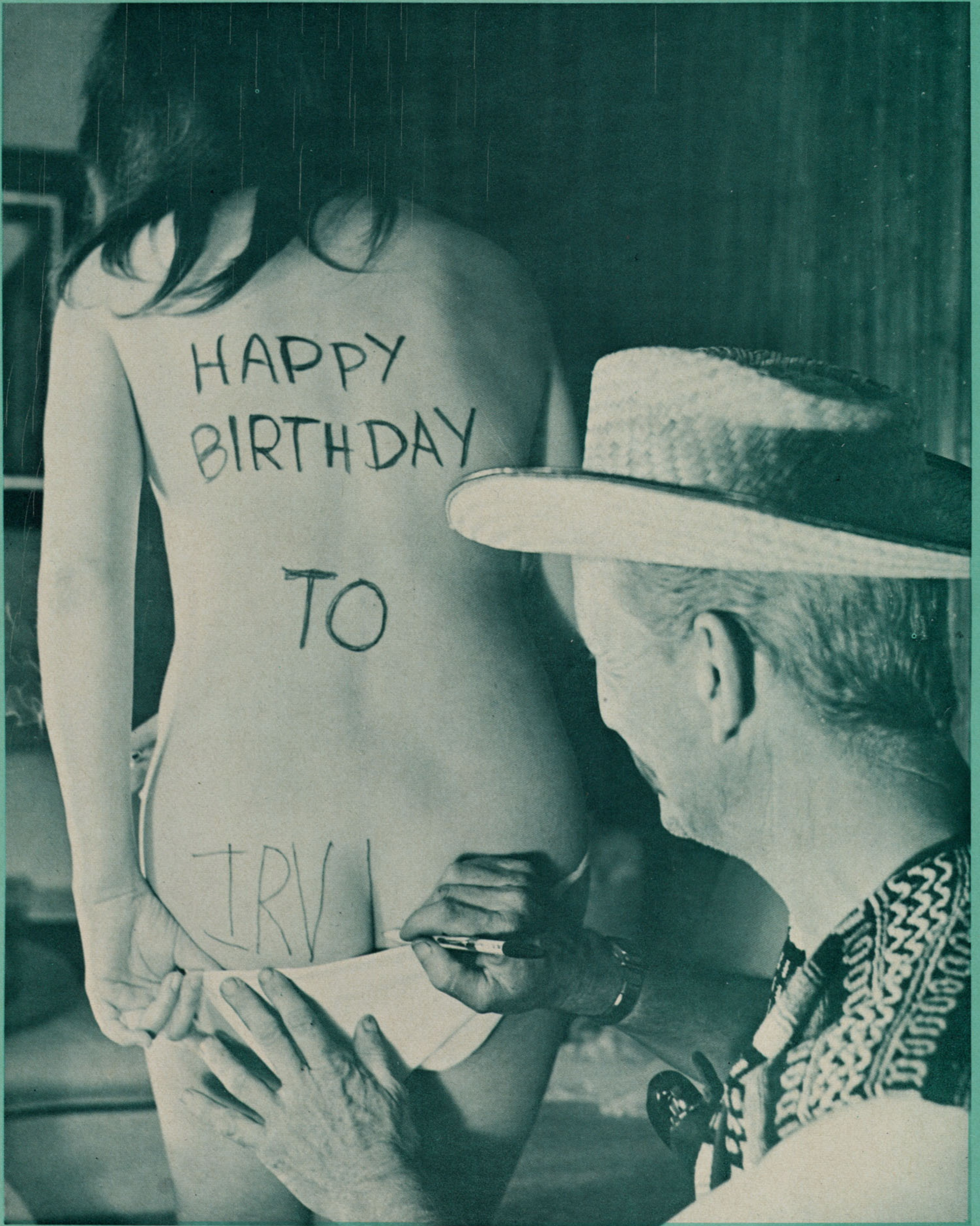
UNFASTEN BRA AND SHAKE UP THE YOUNG STUDS,  
THIS WAS CLUB INITIATION . . . YES, IT WAS AN  
ALL NIGHT ORGY.



GREAT SPOT FOR A LITTLE "GRASS" PASSING! CREEPSVILLE!!







**TRULY DIFFERENT!**





**Police, guns and a natural bent for gettin' into trouble**



**LOVE-IN WITH THE BOOT SET! FREE "LICENSE" IS THE WORD WITH CYCLE OUTLAWS!**





# **STRANGE GANG GIRLS**



**Rip off that dress, baby  
you are about to go  
bedside...and not  
for sleep!**





## EXPERIENCED TO GIVE

NICE GIRL SLIDING INTO  
BAD WAYS . . . WON'T  
BE LONG 'TILL SHE IS  
"WAY OUT."







## 12 ARRESTED AFTER CYCLE 'BOOZE RUN'

Newhall sheriff's deputies sighed with relief today as a weekend "booze run" for motorcyclists held at an isolated hilltop house on Sierra Highway ended with a dozen arrests.

Deputies said that the Galloping Goose Motorcycle Club staked the "booze run"—a party consisting of drinking, barbecuing and racing—for about 75 members of Hell's Angels from San Bernardino, the Knight Riders of Highland Park,



## TODAYS YOUTH ON A RAMPAGE

Satan's Slaves of San Fernando and the Questionnaires of Oxnard.

### CHECK POINTS

Deputies received advance information of the party and set up check points.

At one check point, Soledad Canyon Road and Sierra Highway, deputies arrested Robert L. Alexander, 20, of 24752 Chestnut St., Newhall, and John Anthony Read, 19, of 14157 Sayre St., Sylmar, both for suspicion of motorcycle theft, as well as two juveniles, 14 and 15, for possession of marijuana.



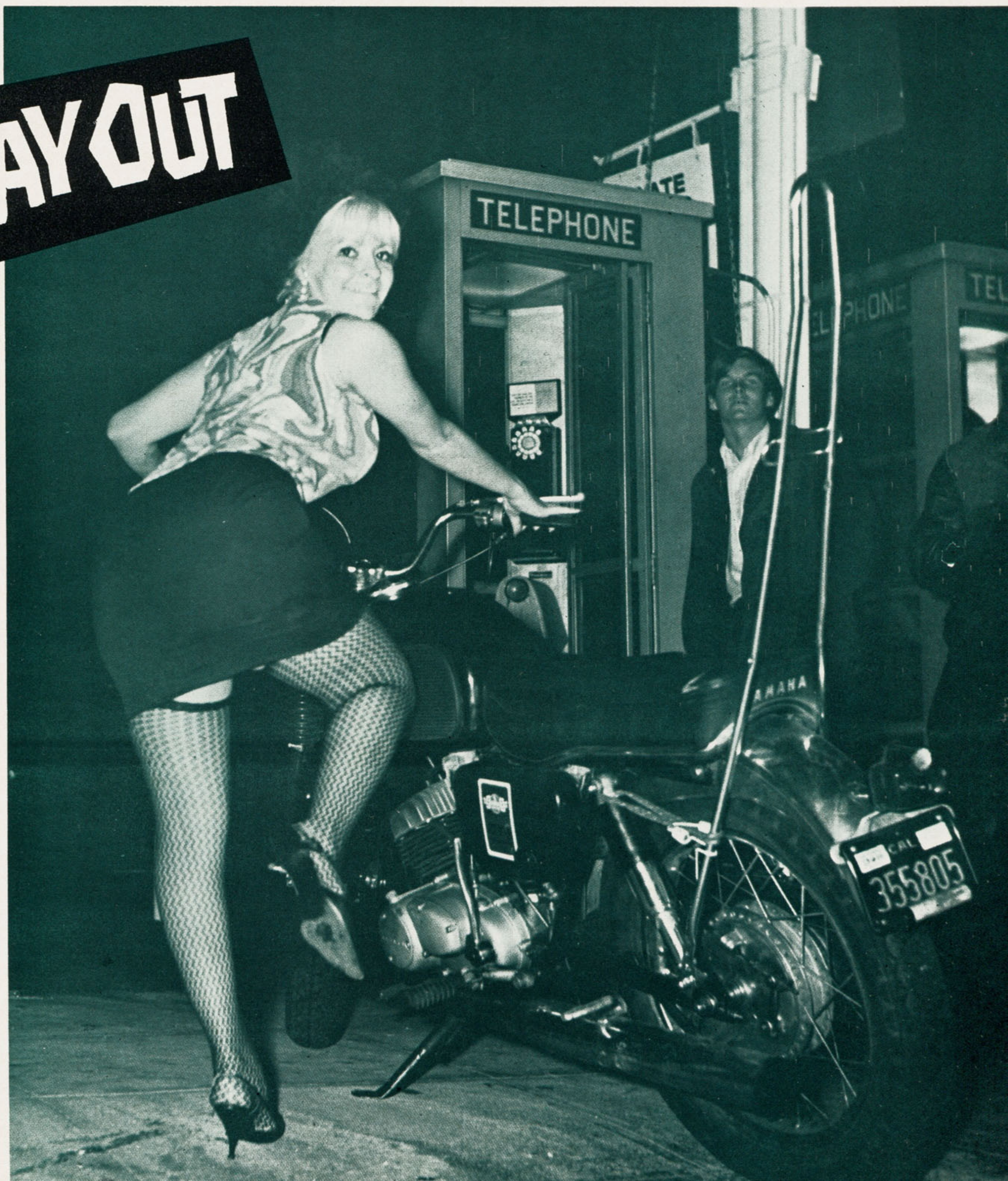
Outside the house in the 9700 block of Sierra Highway two brothers, Thomas Jones, 18, and Bill Jones, 21, of 20401 Soledad Canyon Rd., Newhall, were arrested for alleged possession of marijuana.

Terry Lee Uhler, 26, of 19104 Sherman Way, Reseda, was booked for suspicion of motorcycle theft and a 16-year old juvenile was picked up for violation of curfew.

Arrested at Sierra Highway and Mirror Way was Sharon Hitt, 32, of 7420 Tujunga Ave., North Hollywood. She was a passenger on a motorcycle driven by her husband, Robert. She was wearing a sheriff's badge and was booked for allegedly impersonating an officer.

"MAMA'S ARE GLAD TO BE  
TRADED FOR FAVORS

WAY OUT





# WILD AND WITH IT!

Beat generation that prefers  
two wheels and handlebars,  
spokes, grease and a  
wonderful "don't give a  
damn attitude"



ROARING INTO TROUBLE RIDE THE GIRL OUTLAWS! PUSH THE  
KNIFE IN CRY THE DRUG HIGH CYCLE KOOKS! PULLING  
WHEELIES MAKES THIS FAT SLOB HAPPY!







WHO SAYS HIPPIES DON'T TAKE BATHS? THIS  
PICTURE PROVES IT! OF COURSE ITS TRUE LOVE,  
YES A BATH-IN!!



# NO INHIBITIONS



KICKSVILLE AND  
SEXVILLE U.S.A.

THE CALL IS OUT . . .  
FOR AMERICA'S  
TWO MOST  
UNUSUAL, UP TO  
DATE MAGAZINES!  
READ

**Love-in**

**Psychedelic  
HIPPIES**

*Have  
the time  
of your life!*